HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. Alice Heller, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Gabriel will play the last trump in the game of life.

When you have decided to get rid of Worms or Tapeworm, use "Dead Shot," Dr. Peery's Vermifuge. One dose will expel them. Adv.

A good bluff is all right until it meets a bigger one.

When Baby is Teething
GROVE'S BABY BOWEL MEDICINE will correct the Stomach and Bowel troubles. Perfectly harmless. See directions on the bottle.

The light of happiness is often shut out by the shadow of suspicion.

Constipation can be cured without drugs. Nature's own remedy—selected herbs—is Garfield Tea.—Adv.

Wise men make proverbs that fools may misquote them.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin
When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Womens' complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the *result* of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

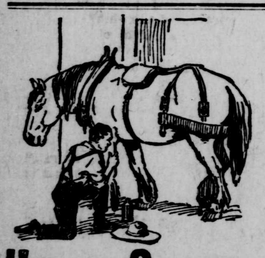
Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe despondent; it makes anyone so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, over-worked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney liver and bladder medicine will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase the medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Adv.

An old bachelor says that marriage is merely a hitch and a kick.



Horse Owners

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or sweeny, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

This liniment is the most economical to use as a large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment.

Sold by all dealers. Price 35 cents.

GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Children's Coughs

may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe

PISO'S

GERMANY MUST PAY

Important Commercial Centers Destroyed Beyond Repair.

PEOPLE ARE LEFT HOMELESS

Country Should Be Forced to Pay for Ruthless Destruction as Far as Within the Power of Its People.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

In August, 1914, the city of Lens in northern France was a prosperous community of close to 50,000 people. It was known as the Pittsburgh of France, and its coal fields were the one great source of supply of fuel for the nation. Its steel and iron mills supplied much of the material for French railroads, shipbuilding and other industries. Its people were industrious and thrifty, living in comfortable homes, surrounded by the modest luxuries of an industrial community.

All that is left of Lens today is a crumbling pile of debris. No single wall of the city is still standing, and hardly a piece of a wall as much as ten feet square can be seen amid the terrible ruins. Both the buildings and the machinery of its factories are gone completely. Its coal mines are flooded and the machinery with which they were operated has been destroyed.

And all this because Germany started a war for the purpose of conquest; a war in which no principle other than that of selfishness was involved. Today Germany is a crushed nation. Her plans for world domination miscarried, her armies have been defeated, but before these things happened the city of Lens had been destroyed.

I stood amid the ruins of what had once been the attractive and prosperous industrial community of Lens and watched hundreds of her people who had returned after the Germans had been driven back, as they searched for the spots on which their homes had once stood, as they dug into the debris in an effort to rescue from it some one thing, some memento of that home they had loved as much, or even more than we Americans love our homes. I saw the tears on the cheeks of many as they toiled. I saw an old woman carrying away, as the only thing she could find, a piece of a broken chair, and I thought, who shall pay for this devastation, this misery?

As the City of Menin Looks Today.

There Is But One Answer.

Are the broken, homeless people of Lens to pay? Are the people of France to pay? Are the people of England or America or Belgium to pay? Or are the Germans to pay?

To be sure, the city of Lens was destroyed by shells fired largely from British guns. But they were fired into the city because the invading Germans in the city must be driven out that not only France, but the world, might be freed of the menace of German domination; and the debris that once was Lens stands today as a striking monument to German greed and to the accuracy and efficiency of British artillery.

Could the people of America have seen the people searching those ruins as I saw them; could they have seen the tears as I saw them they would have said, as I said, Germany must pay, and she must continue to pay until this fair city and many, many others like it, have been restored; until these people and their descendants are again the happy, prosperous, contented people they were before the hell of German wantonness and seifishness was let loose in 1914.

What happened in Lens has happened in many other cities and towns in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Serbia, in Roumania, in Poland, and for all of them Germany and her allies should pay, and pay, and pay.

Cruel Fate of Ypres.

Another example of the hellishness of this German war of conquest is seen in what was once the beautiful and historic city of Ypres, in Belgium. This town is today but one mass of ruins. Its wonderful Cloth Hall and St. Martin's church, both considered among the marvels of Europe and both dating back to the thirteenth century, are gone, never to be restored. There is no way by which the Germans can give back to the world these beautiful monuments of past centuries, but they can be made to pay for them so far as dollars can pay.

And with the passing of this city there passed away many thousand lives of British soldiers who today lie buried around the place they so bravely defended. One possibly better realizes here the terrors of this war than at any other one spot. Here the Germans held the hills to the east of the city, and the British defenders occupied the low-lying fields between the hills and the city. For them dugouts or deep trenches were out of the question as the land is but little above sea level. And here, in what is almost a marsh, the British Tommies lay month after month, through winter and summer, a fair target for the Boche guns on the nearby hills.

When I was in Ypres late in October, many of the people to whom it had been home, were there digging hopelessly in the rubbish in a vain effort to find some small thing that could be associated with the homes that the Germans had destroyed in their effort to secure world domination by a war of conquest.

City of Walls Only.

The city of Menin in Belgium, was not shelled by either army, and yet it is a city that Germany should pay for. The walls of Menin are standing, but it is a city of walls only. The floors, the roofs, the joists, the doors and windows and the door and window casings are gone, all torn out by the invading Boche, with the result that the people of Menin are as homeless as the people of Lens and Ypres and hundreds of other cities and towns in the invaded countries.

I rode through devastated Armentieres, Bailleul, La Bassee, Douai, Cambria, Roisel, Peronne, Albert, Arras, St. Quentin, Guiscard, Noyon, Chauny, Thiaucourt, Vigneulles and hundreds of smaller towns, and the story of devastation was always the same, with but little variation, devastation caused by the Boche, and for which the Boche should pay, and for which the price assessed will never be high enough.

In many ways the hellishness of the Boche has been demonstrated. The city of Arras has not suffered such complete destruction as has fallen upon many other cities. Here the German gunners centered their fire upon the cathedral, and day after day, week after week and month after month they continued to pour a rain of metal upon this beautiful old church until today it is nothing but a mass of powdered stone. Germany cannot give back that cathedral of Arras, but she can pay and should pay for the needless, senseless destruction.

And the fair cities and towns that have been so ruthlessly destroyed are but incidents in the devastation caused by this war, and for all of which Germany and her allies, and they alone, are responsible, and for all of which they should pay.

DO YOU YAWN AT CONCERTS?

If So, There Is a Reason, Which Is Thus Explained by Modern Song Writer.

If a person yawns during a symphony concert and twists his program instead of being absorbed in classical music it may not be his fault. It may be due to an undeveloped pituitary body, which is located in the brain, back of the temples.

This is according to Cyril Scott, the song writer, in his "The Philosophy of Modernism in Connection With Music." Mr. Scott says that this pituitary body is highly susceptible to musical vibrations, if normally developed. In other words, it is the seat of the emotions. He goes further and adds that it is the seat of the astral or sublimal self. This is in keeping with the theory of the ancients that this gland is the seat of the soul.

In commenting on Mr. Scott's statement, Medicine and Surgery Magazine says:

"At a time like this when the pituitary body is the paramount topic of conversation in medical circles on account of its influence on our underweight or overweight, Cyril Scott's message in regard to its attitude toward music should give us pause. The faulty pituitary body can be corrected, no doubt, by treatment; made supersensitive and vibrant; thus a person indifferent to music may become highly appreciative to it."

Young pea pods are largely eaten in Europe and are described as tender, succulent and wholesome.

Making Americans.

If we will plant the children of our immigrants in American soil, give them American companions, teach them in the American language, let them breathe American literature, discipline them in the American art of self-government, warm their hearts in the sunshine of American tenderness, sympathy and good fellowship, and always respect the nature which God has given them however it may differ from ours, they will grow up loyal, patriotic, devoted Americans.—Lyman Abbott.

Fault-Finding.

Why should we denounce fault-finding because it is not constructive? All of us are continuously finding fault, more or less, and on our success in finding the fault and destroying it depends mostly our successful development. So in the end it appears that fault-finding is essentially one of our most constructive activities. One of our worst faults is the hypocritical practice of finding fault with fault-finding.—F. H. Young in Providence Journal.

WORRIED OVER HAT

Legislators Must Solve Problem of Etiquette.

Rules Governing Procedure of British House of Commons Will Have to Be Radically Revised to Fit New Times.

Members of the British house of commons stand self-accused, and women are beginning to understand why there was so much opposition on the question of their being allowed to sit in parliament.

"The house of commons is not a fit and proper place for respectable women to sit in," said Sir Hedworth Meux, making a speech in regard to the proposal. "I oppose this resolution," he continued, "not because I do not love the female sex, but because I adore women. But is it a proper thing for women to be sitting here until 11 o'clock at night? When we sit until 2 and 3 in the morning the historic cry of 'Who goes home?' will become 'Who will take me home?'"

In the future the big strangers' gallery will be open to women as well as men, but the ladies' gallery will still continue to be restricted to the exclusive use of women, so that whatever of privileged sex position still remains in parliament will be to the advantage of the gentle sex. Thus are the tables turned.

Many amusing queries are being put to perplexed politicians. The concentrated wisdom of a thousand years has made rules, and the rules have been for men only.

One thing that becomes a problem is the etiquette of the hat. A rule in this connection is that if a member wishes to address the house he must remain "uncovered." Male members now have visions of the new woman member standing up and removing her latest Paris creation. Of necessity she must have a mirror to arrange her disheveled locks.

Another point of etiquette decrees that when rising to speak in debate the member must be "covered." Will she in her hurry grab the hat off the head of the nearest victim so as to be in order?

The hat problem becomes more and more complicated as matters proceed. When a member is referred to in a speech by another member—especially in the case of a compliment from a minister (and the male members gloomily foresee that women will get the lion's share of these)—he acknowledges it by raising his hat. By the time the female member has finished wrestling with half a dozen hatpins the minister will be through with his compliment and on to the next subject for debate.

These, and other similar problems, are vexing political etiquette. What is going to happen to parliament if all the formalities and rules are to be swept away in a tempestuous whirl of petticoats? The honorable male members don't know—but the women declare the time thus saved will be spent in making common-sense laws for the good of mankind.

The Human Biennial.

I like to think of our human experience as a biennial rather than a merely annual life, preparing here for blossoming and fruit-bearing yonder. Why not! Are joy and love exhausted in a single throw? Are not the weeds of the roadside well assured of the returning of the sun? "Are ye not much better than they?" What if, like them, we are forced to keep close to the earth and seem to have no chance of present blossoming? Why not be accumulators, if hardly attained now? And so I argue from the growing, unpretentious virtues of my neighbor's character; my neighbor who, so far as I can see, never has had and never can have a chance of bloom in this earth-year, that he, too, is a biennial, for whom chance of fruitage is surely coming after the frosts and snow of earth are gone.—Boston Transcript.

Gone West.

The phrase "gone west," used so much during the war, is not a new one in the language of the Maori, though he does not say it quite in that way. The Maori religion provides no such place as hell. A person gets his or her deserts in this life and afterward goes by "the broad path of Tane," i. e., the track of the setting sun, to a huge meeting place where are gathered the souls of all the departed. There they will wait till members of all the tribes and hapus and families who are still on earth have joined them, when all will move on to whichever heaven they are bidden to go. There are 12 heavens in the Maori's mythology. And the course which leads to any of them is the west.

Quinoa Substitute for Wheat.

There has long been cultivated on the west coast of South America a plant called "quinoa," which botanists and ceral experts believe may prove an excellent substitute for wheat, in fact preferable to the substitutes now in use, says the November Popular Mechanics Magazine. This plant, now attracting particular attention because of the shortage of foodstuffs, has been cultivated in South America in more or less primitive fashion, since pre-Inca days. The department of agriculture has imported several lots of quinoa seed and seed of related species, and is making experiments with it in the hope of finding suitable soil and climate in this country for its cultivation.

Lonesome.

Two or three cowboys from a ranch in the western part of the United States were sent to a camp near my home. Shortly after their arrival one of them was on guard duty until about 1 a. m., at which time he returned to the barracks, where he found everyone peacefully sleeping. He let out a cowboy yell, "Yip, yip, yip, yi, yi, yi, yi, yaa, hoo!" The rest of the men, waking up in alarm, asked what was the matter, and he replied, "I want you all to wake up and go to sleep with me."—Chicago Tribune.

Plans for Peace

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Some of the more leisurely or indolent of the boarders at Miss King's always lingered in the wicker chairs of the sun parlor after breakfast, but this morning there were more loiterers than usual, and they were talking in accents that showed keen interest. And that interest had been aroused by headlines in the morning papers that indicated that the end of the world war, if not in sight, was at least something that one dared dream about.

"I suppose Miss King will have to come down on her board," a little weazen-faced old lady, noted for her miserliness, was saying.

"Well, there's no use my saving any more pits, I suppose," sighed another; and a third, "At least, they won't have any excuse for sweetening the cranberry sauce with molasses. I didn't like to object before. It didn't seem loyal, but now I certainly——"

Doris May, who had lingered on her way to her volunteer work at Red Cross, but who nevertheless was turning her time to account with sock knitting, had at this point emitted a little stifled scream that cut short the last remark and focused the eyes of the lingerers on her.

Doris, twenty-four, and sweet of face and the youngest member by far of the King establishment, blushed with embarrassment. She had not expected to attract attention and she did not really want to explain.

"I was just thinking," she explained, however. "It suddenly occurred to me that when the war was over there would be no more socks to knit and no more canteens to work for nor conservation kitchens to help with nor liberty bread to bake—and, well, I was beginning to feel sorry and that made me scream, I guess. It seemed so wicked to have anything but the happiest feelings that it is all over. I truly shall miss the knitting——"

"Well, I am sure I shan't," snapped one of the sour-visaged members of the establishment who had, during the course of the war, managed to knit two whole pairs of socks and a sweater. "I'm quite exhausted, I assure you, and nothing but a winter in Florida will undo the damage all this knitting has done my nerves."

"Anyway, you needn't stop knitting," another one of the company was saying. "Soldiers aren't the only people who wear socks. I had a cook once—an awful creature she was, too—and her husband was a teamster and he wore knit socks. I know, because she used to knit the socks in the kitchen during time that I was paying her to work for me."

"But I don't know any teamsters," laughed Doris. "Really I didn't mean to say I was sorry, because I am not. I am so happy to think that it really is going to end some time, only it will seem stupid going back to the bridge parties and teas and things that we used to spend so much time on before the war."

Doris went about her work at Red Cross that day and at canteen that afternoon with less than usual of her natural cheerfulness. She was vexed with herself to think that she could have any selfish regrets — when she knew that in her heart she felt only the deepest of joy at the news of possible peace.

That evening Capt. Robert Bicknell came in to the boarding house from the encampment five miles away where since his return from France he had been acting as instructor. He was seized by the coterie of those who lingered in the drawing room after dinner.

Somehow it seemed as if his opinion concerning the outcome of peace talk would be of more weight since he had come fresh from a military encampment. As a matter of fact the fact that he had come from the encampment made him especially reticent about discussing it—that is, before the group of Miss King's boarders in the drawing room.

It was to escape this assemblage that he begged Doris to take a stroll down the small town street with him. "But people notice so," protested Doris. "You know how those women babble, and it was only two nights ago that you were here before."

"Yes," agreed the captain," but perhaps there won't be many more nights. I'm not going to annoy you asking you the old question. I guess you made yourself about as clear to me as any girl could. I know you're not the kind of girl that will accept a man just because he keeps at her, and I'm not the kind of man that would want a woman to marry him just because he did nag her. But I may be leaving camp soon, and I just have to talk things over with you. You told me you would be interested in me always, and I value your advice. I may be taking a leap in the dark, but I have been thinking things over and I know now that I can't go on the way things were before the war.

"Then I was content to be cashier here in the bank. Honestly, do you know, Doris, when I first saw the paper this morning and realized that peace was coming perhaps before I get back to France, of course my first thought was one of the greatest joy—and then I had the selfish feeling of regret.

"I seemed to see myself in the bank again, spending my days in the dull monotony here in this town. I didn't find it dull then, but since I've been leading the life of a soldier I see things differently.

"Of course I'd be glad to stick around years—ten years, the rest of my life—if I thought in that way I could win you eventually. But I know you have made up your mind. Well, I was making plans; and I was thinking that as soon as war is over I'll sell out what interest I have in property here and make for the West. I spent a little time on a sheep ranch in Wyoming once, and I know a fellow out there that could help me buy in to advantage. So I'm going to make for the wilds as soon as ever peace comes, whether it is next week or next year. I wanted to tell you—and ask if you thought I wasn't right.

"I hope you don't think I was a brute for feeling that spirit of regret," he asked penitently. "I can't understand it exactly, but until I thought of this western scheme I was as blue as indigo. After all, in spite of the hell we have to go through, it appeals to some of us more than we realize. I want to go on fighting—and there is more chance to fight in the life out there than there is here."

Doris had listened intently, and her breathing, fast and irregular, betrayed the intense interest she was taking in her companion's disjointed explanations.

"Would you need—need to wear woolen socks?" she asked.

"Woolen socks? Why, of course. Catch me ever going back to those silk things with thin shoes after I've known what it is to dress like a regular man."

"And out there—I suppose you'd live in a little cabin at first and you'd have to have your baking done right there and a lot of canning and everything and there would be lots of work to do for some one."

"Well, there's that, of course," and the captain's face registered a slight look of unhappiness. "Perhaps I could get some old couple to do the work for me—It wouldn't be like having a home, but perhaps I could get used to it."

"There would be all sorts of work for the—the woman you married, wouldn't there?" faltered Doris.

"Don't worry," and the captain did not conceal the fact of his annoyance at this question. "I have no idea of asking any woman to share that life with me—you are kind to show concern for my possible wife, I assure you, but it isn't at all necessary."

"But Robert—well, you see I was thinking this very morning that, although I was so happy that the war is going to be over, yet I'd be so miserable when I didn't have to make socks and work hard and can fruit and things. I have really been happy doing what I have done—and, if you'd forgive me for changing my mind—and if you really haven't made any other arrangements, well—I know now that I've always really loved you."

No Social Barriers in Turkey.

To those unfamiliar with Turkish customs it may seem strange that Talaak Pasha, who has just resigned the highest dignity in the Ottoman empire, should have been earning his living only a few years ago as an obscure telegraph clerk. Yet such big jumps are perhaps easier in Turkey than in any other country. For although the Ottoman Turks often show the utmost contempt for the numerous subject races that help to make up the Turkish empire, they recognize no social barriers among themselves. In the eyes of the sultan all are equal. Thus it may easily happen that, given the necessary ability, even an emancipated Ottoman slave may become grand vizier, and perhaps marry into the sultan's own family.

Ancient Grievance.

"The German soldier who cursed Columbus for discovering America has a counterpart in a soldier from Alabama."

"How is that?"

"I overheard one of our boys giving Julius Caesar 'Hail Columbia' for not finishing the Germans when he had the chance."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Had Excuse for Eating Candy.

Edith's aunt had come for dinner and brought the little girl a box of candy, but warning her not to eat any of it until after the meal, as it would spoil her appetite. Edith turned to her mother and asked what the menu for the meal was, and was informed that lamb stew had been provided. "Oh, than I dess I'll eat tandy and spoil my appetite. I don't tare for lamb stew."

FULL OF FANCIFUL FICTION

Father and Filial Florence Furnish Flourishes in What Might Have Been Ordinary Talk.

"Feasible fears from flaming, furious fires foil Fourth's frolicsome fun," fretted Florence feelingly.

"Faugh!" fumed father ferociously. "Frail, foolish female, forget former, folly-filled Fourths. Future Fourths free from fuse-formed flames, flocking fires. Fact, fond Florence."

"Father!" faltered filial Florence. "Fourth free from fire? Fudge! Forefathers fought for freedom! Forever freemen float fugacious flags, fire fuses, flail flippant fifes, flourish frequent firecrackers."

"Fossil fancies, Florence, flea-bitten fragments from forty fables. Forefathers forbade futile fuss."

"Fourth free from fracas!" Florence's fingers fondled flannel frock's front flounce. "Furnish further formula, father."

"Frugal, friendly farmers furnish fattening food for famished fighting French. Freedom's fame forbids foolish firecracker Fourth."

"Fine!" Florence frisked, fraternal feelings fast forming. "Father, furnish funds for fainting, fatigued, feeble French fugitives."

"Freedom first, freedom forever!" flaunted father. Finis.—Youth's Companion.

Flowers as Timekeepers.

The dandelions open in the morning and close in the evening at the same time every day. The hawk weed and goat's beard are quite as regular. If the right subjects were planted it would, no doubt, be possible to have a bed of flowers that would tell the exact hour of the day from sunrise to sunset.

His Class.

"What would you call a man who swindled people by predicting all kinds of favorable futures for them?"

"I'd call him a prophet-eer."

Women in Parliament.

Women are now entitled to sit in the British parliament.

Suffered For Years

Back and Kidneys Were in Bad Shape, But Doan's Removed all the Trouble

"My kidneys were so weak that the least cold I caught would affect them and start my back aching until I could hardly endure the misery," says Mrs. D. C. Ross, 973 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "In the morning when I first got up, my back was so lame, I could hardly bend over and any move sent darts of pain through my kidneys. It was hard for me to walk up stairs or stoop, and to move while lying down sent darts of pain through me.

MRS. ROSS

"The kidney secretions were scanty and distressing and the water remained in my system, making my feet and hands swell. There were dark circles under my eyes and I became so dizzy I could hardly see. I had rheumatic pains in my knees and it was all I could do to get around. For years I was in that shape and I wore plasters and used all kinds of medicine to no avail until I tried *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They rid me of the trouble and strengthened my back and kidneys. When I have taken *Doan's* since, they have always benefited me."

Sworn to before me.
L. N. VAUGHAN, *Notary Public.*

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

In the Bath

Before retiring, use with warm water and insure a restful night. It

Refreshes

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

(All Druggists.)
Contains 30% Pure Sulphur.

Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c

GIRLS Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Soap, Oint., Talcum 25c. each. Sample each of "Cuticura," Dept. R, Boston."

Nothing but a surgical operation will bring out the best there is in some men.

To keep clean and healthy take Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Adv.

The busiest day in the year for the busiest man in the world—Santa Claus!

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. Price 60c.

That Elusive Content.

Content, with some of us, is typified by a woodchuck in a bean patch.—London Times.

Well Trained.

"Does Bessie make George a good wife?"

"No, but she has made him an awfully good husband."

Tough Shield.

Susanne—Jack writes from France that he is wearing my picture over his heart.

Yvette—How nice of him! It might stop a bullet some day!—Philadelphia Record.

Live Stock in Sweden.

According to the United States consular service, live stock in Sweden has been decreasing. The census of 1918 indicates a total of 2,580,000 cattle. In 1911 the total number was 2,690,000. Hogs are now 634,000, as compared with 946,000 in 1911, or an increase of about 50 per cent.

Sweden has not been in the war, but she has been in sufficiently close commercial relationship with Germany so that the live stock conditions in the two countries are probably somewhat alike. We suspect that when a census is finally taken in Germany, it will be found that sheep have decreased very little, if any. There will doubtless be some decerase in cattle, but the decrease will not be so very alarming. The greatest decrease will of course be in hogs, but this can be altogether changed within the period of a year or two.

The Popular Choice

People of culture taste and refinement are keen for health, simplicity and contentment. Thousands of these people choose the cereal drink

INSTANT POSTUM

as their table beverage in place of tea or coffee.

Healthful Economical Delicious

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